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CARMODY, WHILE THREATENING MR. KINGSTON IS SURPRISED BY CRAZY SALLY.

GOLDEN HILLS; OR, SINGLE INFLUENCE:

A TALE OF RIBANDISM AND THE IRISH FAMINE.

CHAPTER III.—AN "INNOCENT."

"Good morning, Carmody," said Mr. Kingston, entering the office. "Sit down on the bench; I'll be ready for you in a few minutes. Short, you wanted
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to look at this;" and he laid the rifle on the counter. "You observe it is a revolving barrel, fires four shots in succession, as quickly as you can pull the trigger."

While Mr. Kingston explained the peculiarities of its construction, Carmody's eyes never moved from the gun. It had some sort of fascination for him. Mr. Kingston noted the stealthy watch.

"I never missed a mark with it, the score times I have used it," he said, raising it till the muzzle fronted Carmody's face, and the peasant's grey eyes could look into the dark bore. Mr. Kingston could mark the slightest wince on his part—perhaps from some unpleasant association of ideas.

"Not much heavier than a horse-pistol," declared the clerk Michael, weighing it in his hand. Mr. Short declined to touch it, asserting truthfully, little peaceful man that he was, how fire-arms affected him with a cold thrill. Carmody examined it with interest, like one used to weapons of the kind.

"It's a fine gun," he pronounced: "the finest I ever see," he added, touching the glittering lock admiringly. "Not that I've any way of knowin' much about thim; but I'm sure it looks handsome anyhow."

"'Twould split a hair," chimed in Frank, who was writing at a desk. "I saw papa hit a knot in a tree at ever so many paces off, four times running."

Mr. Kingston stood with his back to the fire. Short was tolerably well versed in his master's ways, yet could not quite understand the reason for his exhibition of the new rifle at this juncture; and the still grey face told nothing. The clerk mended a pen while he thought over the matter: when he raised his head, and noted Carmody eyeing the gun, his understanding received light, and the old face puckered into a smile.

"Come into the study, Carmody;" and the peasant strode in, after much preliminary scraping of his heavy-nailed shoes. "Sit down there." The gentleman took from a case four cartridges; he was going to load, while he talked. "Well?"

Carmody never liked to meet the full gaze of those keen powerful eyes: he had a bad consciousness about him, and twisted his glance away as much as he could; but even in his own despite it would revert to the firm close lips of his interrogator.

"Why, sir"—he moved uneasily in his chair, as if he were a great cockchafer, pinned by the steel glance of Mr. Kingston—"I came to know about that little holdin' of mine, whether I am to be let keep it on—"

"Certainly not; you know as well as I do that Mr. Everest will allow no defaulters on his farms. You came here for something more than just to hear a repetition of that, John Carmody."

The hand of the peasant closed more tightly, till the muscles stood out like whip-cord on his sinewy wrist, over the bludgeon he held, as the gentleman turned to the table, and took from under the greyhound weight a paper, which he opened and held before the other's eyes.

"You wanted not to be identified with this," Mr. Kingston said; "for surely the man would not dare come to speak face to face with another man whom he had threatened to murder! But it's not your writing, Carmody; you were wiser than that. Now mark me. The police know that you are a Ribandman, and you'll be found out yet, as surely as I speak to you. What will follow then, you know as well as I can tell you. But if you give up your land quietly and decently, I'll try to get a passage to Quebec for you. I won't take any answer from you now," as Carmody was about to

speak. "for it is not well to decide in a hurry. Go home and ask the honest woman your wife, whether it's better to stay here and starve, or go to Canada and begin a respectable life again. Good morning to you. The sheriff will be at your house on the twenty-seventh."

Carmody went out of the office in silence. But he could have strangled Hugo for growling after him: the beast's fine instinct knew the treadings of an enemy. Passing down the avenue, he merely thumped the gravel hard with his stick; but when on the road, as it turned off from the gates, he stood still, and shook his fist savagely towards the house, muttering between his unshorn lips. The countenance of a Cain was upon him.

He was startled by a burst of discordant laughter close by: "Ha, ha! Johnny, me boy, so yer mad with Kingston, are ye? Maybe I won't go up this minit to the great house an' tell Miss Liney, who always has a bit of bread for poor cracked Sally; an' what's more, a kind smile—"

"If ye do—" growled the man, raising his stick.

"That's brave! strike me, do!" She stood without wincing. The poor creature was dressed in faded rags of finery, and had no fewer than three bonnets on her head, which made her look somewhat tall. "Do break my head, and let out the life that has always plagued me, an' I'll be thankful to ye!"

With a mischievous grin he knocked off her head-dress, and the tangled mass of bonnets hung round her neck by the strings. This incensed her; she snatched up a stone, and threw it after him, and as it passed wide of the mark, he mocked at her futile rage. His own temper was the cooler for his success in rousing hers. "Ay, laugh yer best, for ye'll come to a bad end, ye coward! An' I know what ye do of nights, when there's nobody but the white moon lookin' at ye; an' only that yer wife gives me a drink of milk a'times, an' lets poor Sally warm herself by the fire, I'd go to the station this minit, an' tell the Peelers, so I would."

"Tell what?" asked a man's voice. Instantly the elderly mischief disappeared from her face, and gave room to a vacant expression.

"Did ye spake?" she inquired innocently, while she re-erected the pile of bonnets on her head. Her eyes grew cunning. "I know ye for all ye're in a frieze coat, constable Nolan; it's a pity ye have a nose that's so asy remimbered."

The discovered policeman had the wisdom to smile, and say she was a "knowing one," which compliment pleased her.

"I could tell ye," she said in a whisper, putting her hand beside her lips—"I could tell ye stories of things that happens when everybody is asleep, except me an' the moon—things I see in the fields, marchin' an' rangin' about, an' that arn't fairies neither, but have guns like sojers."

"Do tell me," he said, a little too eagerly.

"Maybe I don't see 'em at all: people tells me they're all in my head; an' troth I feel very quare sometimes. I'll go up an' see Miss Liney."

"Stay a minute. I know where there's a nice new bonnet, with pink ribbons, an' green flowers inside. My wife has it at the barrack."

"Has she?" The woman's wild blue eyes had something of a steady ray in them for a moment. "Would I get it? 'Twould be handsome intirely on the top of these."

"So 'twould, true for you; an' if you show me where you see these sights—over on Slieve-more, maybe?"

But she had no idea of being questioned beyond what she thought proper to reveal, and became suddenly stupid. "I'll go up and see Miss Liney," she repeated. The baffled constable looked after her, as she went along with her usual unsteady gait, singing a snatch of an old song. "A deep one," was his reflection; which she would have deemed a surpassing compliment, and perhaps, to deserve it, would have showed him all the miserable shallows of her poor brain, had he been a little more skilful.

Hugo never snarled at poor Sally: she was a licensed intruder, and in a few minutes sat by the kitchen fire, talking to the women-servants, who in Ireland have a great respect for witless people. Also, Sally had arts of ingratiating herself with her hosts all over the country, taught her by necessity in the course of her wandering life. Every wake and wedding in the parish had a place for the "poor innocent:" she brought the latest gossip to all the farmhouses, and could sing ballads to no end. Just now she had passed Ben Malone, the handsome young pilot, at work calking his boat under a shed, while he whistled "Colleen dhas crutheen na moe;" and she imparted this information to Nelly the housemaid, in a very meaning manner, part of that damsel's occupation being the milking of cows; the result of which was, the creation in Nelly of such an amiable state of mind, that before Sally left next morning she had fresh trimmed her topmost bonnet, with an old yellow ribbon of her own.

Lina had once tried to teach this poor woman how to knit stockings, knowing that the making of them might be a source of earning to her; but her broken memory could not retain the narrowings and widenings necessary. Nevertheless, she had now completed a woollen pair for Mr. Kingston; and when Miss Liney came to the kitchen by and by, she eagerly produced them. Marvellous hosen were they. Nelly grinned behind her apron, and cook looked attentively into a drawer: no one dared laugh openly at Sally, who had been known to charge such offender like a tiger-cat. Miss Liney said that she would show them to her father, and retreated precipitately. He drew them on over his boots, very gravely.

"She has done her best, and I thank her," he said. Sally was very proud of his coming to speak to her during the evening, and her affection for the family was thereby riveted. She would have scouted a payment in money for her effort, but the payment in kind words was invaluable.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTER SUNSET.

THE eviction took place at Ballymore, as decided upon. Houses were levelled, and families turned out on the road-side, to seek shelter in the Union workhouse. The poor people built themselves sheds in the dry ditches, as covering from the keen February weather. They were bitter of soul against

those whom they regarded as oppressors, and they were ripe for any revenge. And so the lawless Riband confederacy flourished among them.

One evening, crazed Sally came in her wanderings to the edge of the cliffs, where "the white-toothed waves," as the Celt calls them in poet-phrase, ate away furrows into the solid stone, and had, in the course of ages, worn a wide channel between the mainland and a detached portion of cliff, which reared its hard black front against the west winds, being battered by them all winter time, and seamed with channels from spray showers. Now the salt waves only kissed its obdurate feet with a submissive ripple, as if meekly seeking forgiveness for the outrages of wild nights past. An island farther out, distant perhaps two miles, was purple, lying on its own purple shadow, right across the golden pavement of sunbeams reaching westwards. A lighthouse was the only building upon it; and suddenly the lantern was kindled in face of the glowing heavens, like the outflashing of a red star.

Sunset on the Atlantic! Who that has seen, can forget its loveliness? When the mists, ever rising from that wide waste of waters, draw apart on the horizon, to let the king of day pass, under a drapery of purple and gold festooning; and the cloudlets higher in the heaven are transmitted by his Midas-touch into gilded glories; and the fair rounded edge of ocean is clear against the amber sky—thousand wavelets flash together on the brilliant path of rays along the sea, as if, in their buoyancy of life, they loved the soft yellow light, till the pressure of the solemn darkness stills them, and turns their pleasant voices to a plaintive moaning.

Past clouds are the especial glory of a sunset; except for these, no gorgeous colourings of gold, or rich bronze, or regal purple, could signalize the day's departure from the bare blue air. And, taking this for a type, what life shall murmur at the dark dispensations which oftentimes cloud its morning, or gather in its noon, when these conduce to a final splendour which shall reach beyond the mortal horizon, to the sunrise at the other side? But for suffering, there would be no tried gold of patience; the gloom of christian poverty is changed to the royal purple of humility; and such moral glories endure into the heaven where sunsets, of light or of life, shall be no more for ever.

Gloriously, as if all the monarchs of earth were witnessing the pageant on a command night, the monarch of the skies passed to his rest, while the spectators were but rows of puffins standing solemnly on the ledges of rocks, and that one woman on the cliff summit. She was sitting at the extreme verge, her hands clasping her knees, and her eyes looking over them at the west. Mournfully fixed were those mindless eyes, where the molten pearl of moonrise had begun already to gush over the horizon. Not far off, and somewhat beneath her, was a natural arch of rock, bridging a tumultuous channel of frothing waters: vexed by hidden obstructions, they continually chafed, as many a temper of apparently causeless turbulence has the matter of disquiet in its depths of private life, and should not be rashly judged by those who see only the tempestuous surface. Abated by distance from

this great height, the sound was like a breeze in the air; and under the black bridge shot broad level bars of the last sunlight.

People had been gathering weed on the rocks, it being low tide; but which of them cared for the wealth of beauty in sky, air, and sea around them? Stifled with daily needs and daily cares, they heeded it no more than the browsing cattle. They piled the olive masses of weed into panniers; and women toiled, barefooted, with long trails of whip-cord, fuci and bladdered leaves hanging from their burdens, up a steep ascent which you or I would hesitate to attempt unloaded. There was no lack of light-heartedness; though their food was no better than potatoes boiled in sea-water for a relish, and their clothes were rags, and their huts not water-proof, their subsistence depending upon fields which had yielded chiefly corrupted crops last autumn; yet could they dance and sing and be happy, after the fashion of the wild birds whose nests lie within sweep of the mower's scythe. I know not if in this very vivaciousness of the Celtic race may not be found a source of their general wretchedness; the stimulus of discontent is wanting, to impel them to better their condition.

The crazed woman on the cliff-top saw none of their doings so far below. In a sort of trance, her brain was calmed by the witching hour. The weed gatherers departed, having set fire to a pile, which should smoulder in pale smoke against the cliff-side till morning. And when the moon had fully risen, her fair full face shorn of vapours, clear as argent on the horizon's ring, Sally clapped her hands triumphantly.

"My bonny lady Moon! I'm waiting for ye; an' ye're comin' wid yer sweet pale looks up out of the say to me, my darlin'!" She sprang on her feet, and a long shadow fell behind her on the grass. And she talked to the moon, pouring forth wild fancies and imaginative ravings: she was excited; surges were in her brain, as of a tide obedient to the planet.

"There's cracked Sall going on wid her vagaries; I'm thinkin' she'll be over the cliff some night into the say," observed one of two men who were crossing the hill a short time afterwards. "She doesn't heed hersel no mor'n it was the middle of the counthry, but dances an' sings away on the edge of nothin'."

The other man, who was even John Carmody of Ballymore, stopped short and looked towards her.

"I tell you what, Tom Riley, that one knows more than she has a right to; I hear the Peelers below said she gev'em a hint; an' if I thought she was a spy"—he clenched his fist as an expressive ending to the sentence. "She's wandherin' about continually; one doesn't know what she might not see or hear."

"Arrah, man," said Riley, who was his brother-in-law, and a good-natured young fellow in the main, "sure she's an innocent; who'd mind the like of her?"

"She'd better take care what she's about, for all that," said Carmody, with a scowl. "She'd be aisy given a push some night," he added, with an evil grin.

"The craythur!" said the other, compassionately; "let her alone; she's as harmless as a little bird, an' as witless too."

"Ay, is she? Wait a while," said Carmody. "Look here, Tom; when you get up to Ballymore, don't go into the house; yer mother'll be watchin' to keep ye from the meetin'. Stay at some of the neighbours till I call for ye about twelve."

The young man acquiesced, though apparently something connected with the advice was not palatable. "I wish I was done wid ye; I wish I was off to America," he said.

"A fine chance you have of gettin' there, too, when Kingston has taken everything we have in the wide world," rejoined Carmody. "You ought to have more of the spirit of a man in you."

So the tempter and his dupe passed on.

On nights when the moon was out, poor Sally often walked miles along the cliffs, talking to herself in a wild way; for like overmuch wine was that strong serene light on her brain. But this evening, before midnight, the sunset clouds crept higher, and soon intercepted the silver on their own dark bosoms; and, after some maudlin tears for the loss of the bonny moon, the crazed woman yielded to natural fatigue, and lay down in a recess of a cavern near the shaft of the deserted mines. She had often slept in like places: a hay-rick had been her weather-guard, or an empty cart her shelter from a shower, for at her restless times she did not like to disturb people's houses by taking lodging for the night. Now she slept soundly; but after an hour or so, had a dream of voices. She opened her eyes upon a dim light, which appeared to come from another part of the cave.

"It must be done before the assizes, anyhow," said a voice, which she recognised as Carmody's. "It's the only chance for the Grady's, poor boys; for nothin'll frighten him from swearin' against them."

Sally's wits were collected in a moment; she understood who was unnamed by the conspirators.

"Watch him through the windows; there's often a light before they close the shutters," suggested another voice. "Often he goes out to take a little walk in the dark, too, after the day's work."

Whispering consultations followed: they were drawing lots. Sally tried to creep nearer to the opening. In the effort to change her position, a pebble loosened from the rubbly side of the cave, and bounded on the rocky floor.

"There's some one in the cave, some place," which was contradicted by another, who had searched beforehand. But the crevice where she had lain to sleep was partly protected from observation by a jutting shoulder of rock.

"Anyhow, I'll look again; an' its worse for themselves, whoever they are," said the first speaker, seizing the candle. Sally laid herself down noiselessly, and closed her eyes. Nearer came the footsteps of the searcher—nearer—the light flashed on her face. By what strange advent of common sense and power of immobility her eyes never moved, she could not afterwards tell.

"Just as I told you, Tom Riley," he said. She never winced a feature: he passed the candle close to her eyes, but not a muscle quivered; he listened

with bent ear to her breathing—full, deep, like one in heavy slumber.

"The woman's fast asleep."

"Fox's sleep," rejoined another. "If I thought she was eaves-droppin', I'd sink her in the sea as I would a stone;" and he watched her face narrowly for the effect of the threat. Not a shadow of change; but secretly the poor woman's blood crept chill.

"I'll tell ye what, the only way to match her is to row her over to Mutton Island, an lave her there."

After a hurried consultation this was agreed to. She counterfeited astonishment well, when awakened with a rude shake, and raised herself, staring about bewilderedly.

"Oh, how surprised she is!" sneered Carmody; "she'll be more surprised to see her new lodgings." Resistance was of no avail; she was paddled across to the rock over against which she had sat to watch the moon rise. To the landside the islet presented nothing but a steep succession of ledges, forming a lofty cliff; on the other side it slanted to the sea's edge, and was grassy above high-water mark.

Here she was left alone. Sheep were sometimes brought to browse on the islet, whence its name; but it was deserted now. Poor Sally broke out into loud lamentations, not altogether for herself, but also for the crime which was about to be committed. "Oh, Miss Liney achora, little ye know what's comin' to ye this night, an' the black plan they've laid in their wicked thought; an' they put me off here fear I'd tell. The poor mather—he had always the kind word for me. Oh, if I had any way of gettin' off, I'd bring him warnin'. An' thin I know I'm not very 'cute in meself, an' maybe I'd forget all about it. Oh, if I had any way of gettin' off! They'd see me from the lantern, maybe, whin they're puttin' it out in the mornin'. A boat mightn't go by for the livelong day if the waves is fresh. Oh, Miss Liney ashore machree, to think I have the news that 'ud save him! Only I can't bring it to him."

She sat down in shelter of a projecting rock, and swayed herself backwards and forwards, moaning grievously. Stars were shining brightly, and Jupiter reflected a pencil of light on the wavering waters; the lighthouse burned on the dark island with a fixed red gleam, the lantern being just visible over an intervening height of cliff. On this rock nothing lived but sea-birds and shell-fish. Despite the cold, the crazed woman slept at last, till the grey February dawn lighted on her face, and waked her stiffened limbs. She watched then for the extinguishing of the burners at sunrise; and when sea and sky were in a glow of yellow mist, and the artificial star paled like its antitypes in the skies, she anxiously looked for a figure in the gallery of the lighthouse. But the keeper's glass only swept the sea-horizon, where a solitary sail was passing to America, and poor Sally's waving apron to landward did not catch his attention.

The day on the rock passed not unhappily; she had a child's capacity for simple amusement, and easily forgot circumstances, however adverse. Hunger only set her to searching for shell-fish, which she ate, opening cockles with a stone. She knew also the edible sea-weeds, and picked out a

little pile of white corrigeen and purple dillisk, drying the latter in the sun; made for herself a head-dress of long brown leaves, wreathed together with the grape-like fucus, which she wore for some time, to the rejection of even the triple bonnets. Finally, she adorned the bonnets themselves with fantastic trimming of weeds, and so passed the hours almost as profitably as Miss Laura's at Golden Hills, which young lady put on and altered a ribbon fifteen times in the course of the morning, before the bows of her bonnet suited her fancy.

In the dusk of the evening poor Sally grew low-spirited again. Not that she had any clear sense of her position on this rock, imprisoned by the sea: she might be starved if rough weather continued long. She sung a mournful dirge for the absence of her friend the moon, as night came on, dark and breezeless. Suddenly a distant sound of oars afar off came to her ear. Eagerly she listened, all her desire of leaving the islet returning strongly. Presently she could hear the splashing of the water; she called loudly, and ran to the water's edge.

"You poor craythur, what brings you here?" said the kindly voice of a fisherman. But she either could not or would not tell. As soon as she set foot on the mainland, remembrance returned upon her like a flood. Away, away to Golden Hills, to give warning.

But it was three miles distant: how should she ever be fleet enough?

EDINBURGH ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO.

I RESUME my pen to tell something of the modern Athens at the period when it was assuming its right to that name, and rising in the scale of progressive civilization; I use this word pointedly, in preference to "improvement." If the London of sixty years ago was different from the London of our time, (as I have sketched in Nos. 350, 351 of the "Leisure Hour,") even more different was the Edinburgh of that date from the Edinburgh of the present day. It was indeed, in some particulars, almost semi-barbarous, and altogether a strange heterogeneous compound, redolent (if the sweet word may be applied) of olden practices not of the purest, olden speech not of the most decorous, and olden manners not of the most attractive order. The old town decaying, and the young town emerging—the dwellings and habits of the people in the one, strongly characteristic of bygone centuries, and in the other, of more modern quasi refinements—curiously commingled with the sturdy remains of ancient notions, fashions, and ways. The means of intercommunication across the Nor-loch, by the Earthen Mound and the North Bridge, were fitting types of these relative conditions, and of the connection which linked the two together. On the one side was antiquity and filth, on the other novelty and cleanness—five hundred years against five-and-twenty! The mass of rubbish thrown up from the new foundations, and trampled into a broad road with the slopes covered by nettles, thistles, and refuse, now the site of magnificent public buildings, afforded congenial access to and fro; while the other was also not unsuitable to its function, being an ele-

vated architectural structure, airy enough for Eurus and Boreas, to dissipate all offending odours, and disperse them over the wide Empyrean, such as it was, far above Auld Reekie and far beyond New.

But on the day of my entrance* it appeared to be immaterial what were the antecedents, or how fared the wretched inhabitants. Havoc seemed to have let slip the dogs of war, and ruin was doing its worst. The roar of artillery, and the sharp ring of musketry, told of some work of devastation going on. I hurried forward to learn the meaning of the din and smoke which enveloped the devoted capital. The fight was raging also along the shores of the Frith of Forth as far as Preston Pans, famed for the defeat of Johnny Cope in the Forty-five, and now again the seat of strife, as the enemy's fleet and gunboats, driven off from the capital, were no doubt urging a second desperate attempt to land lower down the river and ravage the Lothians! It was a mercy that the ten thousand men in arms, assailants and defenders, were all Edinburgh Volunteers, and the battle a sham! Fortunately, there was not even a Paul Jones to threaten mischief; though the recollection of that swashing adventurer was not yet wholly eradicated, but, like the elder and more important memory of Bonnie Prince Charley, still exercised an influence on the imaginations of the existing race. If we read retrospects like this for profit, we may incline to think that these sham contests saved the country, perhaps, from many a blood-stained struggle. The volunteer system turned the disaffection of many into patriotism and loyalty: men were trusted with arms, and the simple effect of the trust was to convert the "suspected" and professedly democratic into zealous soldiers, burning to defend their native land. Lessons of wisdom are taught by history. In like manner, Lord Chatham's reposeing confidence in the Gael, changed the clan feeling into attachment to the reigning house.

But to the *status quo*. The truth is, that Scotland, and even the metropolis, although in a forward and rapid state of transition, had not emerged so clearly from previous and inveterate usages as England; and there still remained a certain larger leaven of rudeness, not to say coarseness, in the mode of thinking, talking, and acting of the generality of the population. I presume this will be evident as I proceed with my description.

At this period there was, incidentally, a striking predominance of the military element. The quartering of English county regiments, officered by English gentlemen (as well as the embodiment of similar Scottish corps in Scotland), had considerable effect in accelerating the national improvement.

The first, or Gentleman Regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers, nevertheless, gave their drill-sergeant, Gould, an infinitude of trouble, which that quaint disciplinarian went through with Falstaffian *éclat*. I believe it was the famous Dr. Gregory, or some other professional magnate, whom he told that he would rather drill five fools than one philosopher; and he excited much merriment one field day, when showing how to form in sub-division or *échelon*, so

as to pass an obstacle on the line of march, and reform on the other side. To demonstrate this manoeuvre, he called out one of the most eminent lights of the age, and directed him to stand with his halberd held horizontally across his knees, and hallooing out, "Now, sir, stand firm. You are an obstacle. Attention. Gentlemen, you see Professor — is an obstacle. Incline to the right. Right shoulders forward. Quick march. I will learn you to get past him without breaking." And so he did, amid roars of laughter, such as no other obstacle ever produced.

On another part of the Castle Hill parade ground might be seen Highland recruits at drill, wild and untamed-looking Celts, the raw material of those brave battalions whose discipline and prowess have spread the renown of the tartan from the Ebro to the Seine, from the Don to the Indus!

This was Edinburgh *militaire*. The composition of the upper strata of the inhabitants consisted of, 1, resident gentry, the holders of provincial property and rank, and, with very few exceptions, of moderate fortune; 2, the clergy; 3, the medical profession; 4, the legal profession; and 5, students, stranger and native. The spirit of the whole was anti-trade and trading—the seniors respectably established, and the neophytes understood to be fitting themselves in various ways for the battle of life, chiefly in law, physic, and the public service. In this country, owing to cheap and easily attainable education, the majority of the clergy proceeded from among the humbler orders, and performed their duties of the pulpit, and other clerical functions, without being raised to that eminent station which renders a hierarchy so conspicuous in shaping the conduct and affairs of the upper circles. The ministry in Edinburgh were not numerous; and though considered to be at the head of their sacred calling, and exercising a powerful influence, very little of them or their doings could be visible in the every-day appearances of general society. In medicine, Edinburgh being then the most famous school in the world, there was a group of distinguished men, with an ample following of highly reputed practitioners. But the grand absorbing sphere was compounded of the concentric legal circles, the bench, the bar, and the writers to the signet. In fact, Edinburgh was the city of lawyers, *par excellence*. Lawyers here, lawyers there, lawyers everywhere; potential, dictating, controlling and over-riding all the rest. Saint Giles ceded traffic to Saint Mungo. Manufacturing was banished to Glasgow, and tambour work and muslin weaving soon mounted, in lucre and luxury, a rivalry beyond the reach of family pride, too often attended by poverty and the breeding of a peculiar progeny, marked by oddity, the natural result of the practice of near kindred intermarriages. This evil is now, happily, lessened; but, sixty years ago, it bore plentiful fruits, and its representatives figured so prominently and queerly on the scene, that any picture of the period, without their portraiture, would fail to depict the reality. One might, indeed, almost fancy the disorder epidemic; for even from among its lowest population, the streets of Edinburgh were haunted by curious specimens of those "innocents," or half-witted creatures, treated with Turco-Scottish fondness, such as were named John

* See my Walk from London thither, Leisure Hour, No. 365.

Dhu, Geordie Cranstoun, and Daft Jamie, whose freak it was to attend every funeral, equipped in enormous mourning bands and weepers of white paper!

As in London, not only the middle, but here also the top classes, were accustomed to frequent the evening tavern; but the Edinburgh tavern wanted the decorum of its more sober contemporary. Whisky *versus* ale and stout, whether in toddy or punch, is a far more unsafe beverage; and when swallowed to wash down brods (boards) of oysters, served, not by dozens, but by hundreds, or scallops, or dishes of hot stimulating mussels, or "minched collops," or broiled bones, as was the constant custom, the thirst-excitement grew with what it fed on, and endless were the occasions when the riots of intemperance outraged decency. Drinking was a stain upon that age; and I only wish that less of the ruinous vice prevailed at the present day—the curse of Scotland banished, and a brighter era set in for her peace, welfare, and happiness.

It was not, however, at stimulating suppers alone that this time-dishonoured relic of northern habits held sway. Superabundance of wine and spirits, even to the staggering extent of intoxication, often accompanied the festive dinner; and he was a host to boast of his successful hospitality, who could remind his friends that they "were a little gone" before they left: to have been quite gone was the brag of a still greater achievement, and to have been put under the table, a triumph worthy of boundless applause. Climate is a miserable excuse for such excesses; and it ought never to be forgotten that, in committing them, we are only following the example of pagans and barbarians.

But the fact is, that Edinburgh was very considerably drunken. Senators of the College of Justice were not exempt from the common vice; and, sooth to say, a portion of the Lords of Session, Lords Ordinary and Extraordinary, were somewhat "queer bodies." One was an unsurpassed mimic, another quite regardless of external appearances, and several more as cordially addicted to long sederunts (sittings) at the social table as in the court where they presided.

I am desirous, even at this distance of date, to express myself in language void of offence; but, if the truth be spoken, the advocate class lived very freely; many of the pupils in the famed school of medicine were at least equally loose; and the profligate contagion spread among the students even of metaphysics and moral philosophy, illustrious as were their professors. Indeed, the under-current of conduct was very licentious, such as could only be attributed to the aggregation of inexperienced age, and the pernicious force of custom and bad example. On looking back, I am lost in wonder that so much, both of physical and moral abomination, was ever endured; and contrivances of every kind resorted to in order to lessen the annoyance, or accommodate human existence, as best the inhabitants could. The condition could no longer be borne. The New Town was a necessity of the period: it was the creation of a civilizing crisis.

About this time, also, expired the latest of the turbulent comradeships called Mohawks, and other

odious names, which survived in Scotland, for some quarter of a century, the associations of a similar description which disgraced themselves in the English capital. It was atrocious to witness or hear of the freaks of these mad fellows, (whose descendants now inherit, in a wiser way, their titles and estates,) in the very midst of law-ridden Edinburgh. Some of their pranks were so brutal and injurious, that, if adventured now-o-days, they would assuredly consign the perpetrators to penal punishment.

At times, an air of the ludicrous was mingled with the mad folly. Once, a party reeled from the chief tavern of a country town at midnight, with the determination to let loose a show of wild beasts, (beasts about as rational and not so degraded as they were,) and see the sport they made. As they proceeded to batter down the caravans, an alarm was raised, and the nearest magistrate was aroused from his peaceful slumbers to avert the threatened danger. Hastily dressing himself, he hurried to the spot within a few minutes of the actual liberation of infuriated lions and tigers: and, with great presence of mind, ingeniously and good-humouredly entering into the spirit of the appalling scene, persuaded the "gentlemen" to try the monkeys first, before they turned out the less amusing animals! Whilst they performed this entertaining exploit, he had time to swear in a posse of special constables, which put an end to the disturbance, and probably saved the lives of innocent people, as well as of some of the reckless idiots whose frenzy he had fortunately averted from the completion of their mad design. At last, still greater excesses provoked public indignation, and authoritative legal notice was given of responsibilities incurred, which prevented the repetition of such monstrous conduct, and peculiarly marked the transition point on the outline I am endeavouring to draw.

With a nucleus for riotous behaviour in the night time, and the commission of such frantic follies in the light of day, it may be presumed that Edinburgh, still more than London, stood in need of a controlling and conservative civic force to keep the peace and protect property. And behold it in the valiant town guard, nicknamed the "Town Rats." What the civilian (not over-civil) "Charles," successors of the elder train-bands, were to London, this more martial corps, remnant of feudality, prolonged to Edinburgh. Chiefly old soldiers, they were armed with the fearful-looking Lochaber axe, a formidable spear seven feet in length, with a crescent cutting instrument below the head on one side of the shaft, and on the other, a hook wherewith to haul in enemies or offenders. Yet, sooth to say, there was little terror to evil-doers in this awful ancient array. On the last night of the year—a general saturnalia—when, at twelve o'clock, it was the custom of half the population to range the crowded streets, inflamed with liquor, and dispensing drams, het (hot) pints, and wines, to one another, in every direction, to "drink the auld year out and the new year in," the Town Guard were often the first in the throng, and the most drunk and disorderly of the tumultuous mob.

(To be continued.)



PORTRAIT OF M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the conflict which M. de Montalembert has so chivalrously provoked, he has gained for himself a memorable name in the annals of his time. We express no opinion as to the legal and judicial questions connected with the trial. The general feeling in this country is on the side of one who seems a martyr of freedom, while his generous praise of England deepens the popular sympathy in his behalf. At the same time, it must be admitted that the attacks on the imperial government were direct, and not merely by implication through comparing the two countries. The question of the legality of such attacks is quite different from that of the policy of enforcing a law which suppresses all liberty of speech. Among Englishmen, there is no dispute on the latter point, however much we may doubt whether France is yet capable of using the freedom of the press to the same extent to which we have so long been accustomed. However this may be, the interest felt in

M. de Montalembert is now of a personal kind, and many will be glad to learn more of the past history of a man who seems destined to play a conspicuous part in European politics.

M. de Montalembert's admiration of England, and of English institutions, is no new impulse. His early training gave him a bias in their favour; and few Frenchmen have more carefully studied or attained to a more intelligent appreciation of our national character. Louis Napoleon himself does not understand us better. For instance, in speaking of the breaking up of the old political parties in England, and the union of all patriotic men in the cause of national progress and popular improvement, M. de Montalembert thus writes :—

“ Every one at the present time in England desires progress, and every one also insists upon it, without disowning the glory of the past, or weakening any of the foundations of society. Of all the questions which interest now-a-days the safety or the honour of the country, there is not a single one which is connected with the ancient divisions of

whigs and tories. What have the French alliance, the revolt of India, the war with Russia and China, the political and industrial emancipation of the colonies, to do with them? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The art of properly governing the country—of obtaining from its colossal resources the best possible results for its honour and prosperity—this is the only problem which remains to be solved. It suffices to legitimize all honest ambition and to exercise every sort of known or latent ability.

"I hail again, with joy, the most significant and most consoling symptom of the actual state of England—I mean, the persevering ardour of the flower of the English nation in the pursuit of social and administrative reforms; of amelioration in the state of the prisons, and that of unhealthy habitations; in spreading popular, professional, agricultural, and domestic education; in the augmentation of the resources set apart for public worship; in the simplification of civil and criminal procedure; in toiling, in every way, for the moral and material well-being of the working classes, not by the humiliating tutelage of uncontrolled power, but by the generous combination of every free agency and of every spontaneous sacrifice."

England is exposed to dangers; but, according to M. de Montalembert, these are from without, not from within. Yet, after seventy years, it is as true to say now what Mirabeau replied, in 1790, to those birds of ill omen who were prophesying the imminent downfall of England: "England lost! in what latitude, let me ask, is she likely to be wrecked? I see her, on the contrary, active, powerful, issuing with renewed strength from every agitation, and supplying a hiatus in her constitution with all the energy of a great people." It was the base spirit manifested by a large part of the French press, especially by the organs of the Roman Catholic Church against England, which roused the generous sympathy of M. de Montalembert. "I felt that sympathy," he says, "redoubled in presence of the inhuman fury of so many of the organs of the continental press, and, unfortunately, of the so-called conservative and religious journals, against the victims of the Bengal massacres. I should have wished to inform every individual Englishman whom I meet, that I had no connection whatever with the parties whose journals applauded and justified the Indian cut-throats, and whose earnest vows are still daily offered up for the triumph of the Mussulman and Pagan hordes, over the heroic soldiers of a Christian people—the ally of France."

It was from a similar feeling of generous sympathy that M. de Montalembert came spontaneously forward, three years ago, at a time when almost all the continental press was exulting over the humiliation of England during the Crimean war. The story of the "horrible, heart-rending," and unaccountable sufferings of the British army, through administrative neglect and folly, was propagated on the continent with eager and malignant iteration. The decadence of England was the theme of many a pen. It was then that M. de Montalembert came forward to assure his countrymen that there was life in the little island yet, and that the question,

What is to become of England? was perhaps premature. He wrote a series of articles, "*De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre*," in the same semi-religious periodical, "*Le Correspondant*," in which the recent articles appeared, for which he has been subjected to prosecution.

The articles were published separately, and a translation appeared in this country, entitled, "*On the Political Future of England*." It was, however, for an unpublished letter addressed to M. Dupin that the Count was formerly prosecuted.

On the occasion of that prosecution, the following sketch of M. Montalembert was given in the "*Edinburgh Review*" (April 1856):—

"M. de Montalembert can hardly be said to have begun his political life before the Revolution of 1830. His first act, after that event, was to establish, in conjunction with the Abbé de Lamennais, a paper called '*L'Avenir*,' devoted to Catholicism and Democracy. Scarcely was he of age when he was tried for a clear violation of the law, in opening, without authorization from the Government, a school designed to further religious instruction among the poor. His next work was to edit the book of Adam Mickiewicz—'*Les Pèlerins Polonais*'—which was the original germ of Lamennais' celebrated '*Paroles d'un Croquant*'—with a preface filled with the fiercest denunciations of the then condition and administration of France. During the whole of Louis Philippe's reign he was a constant and vehement assailer of the ministry, although ostensibly an Orleanist. He supported Louis Napoleon on many occasions during his presidency, as the 'legitimate, because the only possible Chief of France.' After the *coup d'état* he refused to be a senator, though he expressed, in terms which did him no honour, his adhesion to that act of violence; yet he soon afterwards declared, amid the rapturous applause of the *Académie Française*, that '*les révolutions finissent toujours par des fous ou par des scélérats*;' ('revolutions end always in folly or in crime;') he then entered the *Corps Législatif*, where he became an occasional, but not regular, opponent of the Emperor, and finally wrote the letter which gave such dire offence at the Tuileries. He is now only forty-six years of age, quite untamed, and possibly with a great, certainly with a stormy, future before him."

The past career of M. de Montalembert has been so irregular, that it is not easy to know how much of his waywardness is due to natural character, and how much to the conflicting influences to which he has been exposed. To be an enthusiastic liberal, yet a devout Roman Catholic, is not an unusual combination, however difficult it may seem to reconcile these opposites. But the Count has not been consistent, either in his political or religious principles. He was thus described in the "*Edinburgh Review*," from which we have already quoted: "A steady adherent of no party, because, hoping to use each in turn for the furtherance of his own views, especially in connection with the Church of Rome, and deserting and assailing each when he was foiled in the design; combative by nature, and keeping no measure in his combativeness; keen, mordant, and intolerant in his promis-

cuous sarcasm and his terrible invective, and therefore delighting all parties in turn, as his artillery was directed against each in succession; perpetually impairing his deserved weight by his ungovernable impetuosity; with all the mental and moral elements of greatness except one—the key-stone of the arch—he seems destined always to be prominent, but never to be powerful.” Looking at the strange paradoxes of his character, and the violent inconsistencies of his conduct, many have set him down as a thorough Jesuit, as unscrupulous as he is able and eloquent. “The champion of the Jesuits has become the panegyrist of England!” was a remark made in England, when his former book was published, while the ultramontaine French paper, “l’Univers,” announced that “the Catholic Hercules has turned Protestant!” Would that it were so. We might look for a nobler career from so bold and eloquent a lover of political liberty, were he only free from the spiritual fetters of the Romish Church.

The concluding passage of his now memorable pamphlet is a genial specimen of his English sketches:—

“Not far from Birmingham—another metropolis of English industry—stood an old feudal manor-house, surrounded by a fine park, and called Aston Hall. Charles I. took shelter there in 1642, and the good people of Birmingham, who were on the parliamentary side, had besieged him there. In the course of time the great city, as it waxed in size, had gradually reached and even surrounded by successive ramifications the old domain, with its fine trees and verdant lawns. The old and impoverished family who owned the property had no alternative but to dispose of it; and it was easy to foresee that the day was near at hand when that space of fresh and salubrious verdure would disappear, to make way for new streets, encumbered with forges and spinning-wheels. The idea then occurred to some of them to get possession of the property, and convert it into a People’s Park, in imitation of the example set by other towns.”

After describing the steps taken to carry out the project, all being done by the people themselves, M. de Montalembert continues: “Then, *but only then*, and when it is necessary to inaugurate this happy conquest of an intelligent and courageous initiative, they send their request to the queen; for all these little municipal republics set the greatest importance on showing that royalty is the key-stone of the arch. All that great association, so proud and so sure of itself, knows well that it has nothing to fear from that sovereign power which is at once its graceful ornament and its faithful representative, and which, in turn, has nothing to dread from the active spontaneity of its subjects; which does not pretend to hinder any emancipation, any development of individual independence; which does not impose submission on energy, nor silence on contradiction; and which, in truth, is no other than liberty wearing a crown. The 15th of June, 1858, the queen obeyed this touching appeal. She comes, and 600,000 working-men hasten to meet her, issuing in myriads from every industrious hive of the districts of the *black country*—that is, from

the counties of Stafford and Warwick, where coal mines feed the great mineral works. They offer her the affectionate homage of their happy faces, of their free souls, and of their manly efforts for aggrandizement and freedom. The queen traverses that mighty crowd of an enthusiastic population, and opens the new museum. She bestows knighthood on the Mayor of Birmingham, elected by his fellow-citizens, by touching his shoulder, according to the ancient ceremonial, with a sword lent to her for that purpose by the lord-lieutenant of the county. She then causes to approach her the eight working-men whom their comrades had indicated as the most usefully zealous in the common work, and says to them: ‘I thank you personally for what you have done to preserve this ancient manor, and I hope that this people’s park will be for ever a benefit to the working-classes of your city.’ As she was leaving, 40,000 children of the free national schools, and of various creeds, ranged along the way as she passed under the great oaks, which had perhaps seen Charles I. beneath them; and they chanted together, with an accent at once innocent and impassioned, which drew tears from many of those who were present, a hymn, in lines rude perhaps, but the burden of which was—

‘Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be,
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free!’”

THE VALUE OF A BEETLE.

THE Old Prison of Bourdeaux was never known to have been better filled than on one summer morning, in the year 1793. It was the noon, or rather the midnight, of the great French Revolution. The Terrorists, as Robespierre’s party have been named for all time and history, had obtained possession of the town, with the help of the off-scourings of the surrounding country; and the ancient capital of Aquitaine, about whose name such an odour of wine has hung for centuries, presented a dreary and devastated aspect. Streets had been torn up to form barricades, and, ruined by cannon shot, houses had been burned, churches pulled down, and blood shed like water, for Bourdeaux was reckoned the stronghold of the Girondists, whom the party in power vowed to exterminate; and now what they called order was restored in the form of a Court of Convention sitting in the Council-house, with a ferocious rabble round and the guillotine in front of it, all trade suspended, all places of business except the wine shops shut up, bands of armed men patrolling the streets, and every suspected person thrown into the Old Prison. It was, therefore, no marvel that the common hall, or, as it was popularly called, the great dungeon of that edifice, had many occupants. It was a large apartment with a vaulted roof, bare walls, high grated windows, and a stone floor, lying almost half a metre below the level of the adjoining street. Its atmosphere was chill and gloomy, even in those glorious summer days that flushed the laden vineyards along the bright Gironde. Such a morning was now shining on the half-ruined city, and its sunlight flickered faintly through the prison bars on a luckless company of

all ages and fortunes. There was the nobly-born countess and the wealthy merchant, the priest, the soldier, the artisan, and the peasant girl; the man of grey hairs and the youth of eighteen. Some sat on the bare benches, others leaned listlessly against the wall, and two or three conversed in low tones about the hopes they had when the Revolution began. Most of them had lost place and property, friends and relations. All knew the Old Prison to be the direct road to the convict-ship or the guillotine; and a careless, changeless despair had settled on their hearts and faces. Some owed their imprisonment to vain, though patriotic, efforts against the tide of anarchy and violence which overflowed the land; more to private grudge, to coveted possessions, to unlucky rank; and there was one young student whom a vigilant cobbler had denounced as an enemy of the Republic, because his landlord had told him that he took no interest in the cause of the people, but always sat reading the works of that aristocrat Buffon.

Of all the prisoners that young student seemed the least affected by his misfortune. He was a thin, pale, sallow young man about twenty; his clothes were well worn; the gaoler knew that he had not a coin to pay for conveniences, no friend had ever asked to see him, or made the least interest with the authorities on his behalf; yet his face had a calm contented expression at this moment, as he sat close under one of the grated windows, earnestly contemplating an insect making its way up the wall. So deeply had that climbing creature engaged the poor student's attention, that he did not perceive the entrance of Bory de St. Vincent, the newly appointed prison physician, who had come that morning, by special order of the Court of Convention, to see that all the prisoners were in a fit state for embarkation in a convict ship bound for Cayenne. Like its parent tribunal in Paris, the court did things by wholesale, and a decree had been passed that all the suspected in the Old Prison were guilty, and should be forthwith deported; but the court also observed revolutionary ceremonies: a physician had been appointed to make his report of people who were to sail, in a rather unsound ship, to one of the most unhealthy coasts of South America. Their choice for this purpose had fallen on Bory de St. Vincent, or, as he called himself in those days, Bory Vincent, for de and St. were aristocratic syllables, and therefore dangerous. He was a man of some science and more caution. His medical examination of the prisoners was by no means particular. He made them all stand up, felt some of their pulses, took a note or two in his memorandum book, and walked up to the corner where the student sat, still contemplating the insect on the wall.

"Friend," said the curious doctor, touching him lightly on the shoulder, "what is that which rivets your attention so firmly to the stones, that you have not heard the order to stand up?"

"I beg your pardon, citizen doctor," said the student, turning his calm thoughtful face to the questioner, and rising obediently. "It is a very rare insect I have been observing, the second of its species that ever came within my sight."

"Indeed," said the doctor, coming closer, and perceiving that the insect in question was a small beetle of a blue colour, with a red stripe across its shoulders.

"I regret that my present circumstances do not permit me to preserve the specimen," continued the student, with a half sigh.

"Circumstances often oblige us to suspend our tastes and studies," said the doctor, blandly; "but since you cannot preserve it for yourself, I will feel much obliged if you will allow me to take charge of it for a friend who is just now making a collection, and from his taste and knowledge I am sure that so rare a specimen will be properly appreciated."

Like a true lover of science, the student felt pleased that some one should preserve the curious insect whose acquaintance he had made in the Old Prison; and, after making suitable compliments and thanks, M. Bory departed with his report that all the prisoners were ready for sea, and with the red-shouldered beetle safely inclosed in his empty snuff-box. The report was of course deposited on the table of the Court of Convention, but two hours later the doctor was ringing vigorously at the gate of the great hotel in the Place Dames, where Citizen d'Argelas had his apartments. The citizen, as everybody had to be called just then, in France, was one of the few men who escaped the political vortex of the period, and found time to pursue his favourite study of insect life while the foundations of society were broken up around him, and the institutions of centuries overthrown. He was fortunate in being neither suspected nor overprized by any party, perhaps because power and leadership had no charms for him. His principles were known to be democratic, and he had the special good fortune, for that time, to be on friendly terms with some of the principal authorities in Bourdeaux. It was on the latter account that M. Bory had been so anxious to procure the scarce beetle for his collection; the worthy physician felt the ground under his feet somewhat slippery, as ground in the neighbourhood of the Convention was wont to be, and the opportunity was favourable for binding to his interest such an influential friend. The citizen was at home, and the beetle was presented. D'Argelas had heard naturalists speak of it, but never saw a specimen before. His thanks were proportionately warm and abundant; then came questions how and where had the doctor met with it; and the incident of the student's forgetting to hear even his orders, and sitting still in the corner of the great dungeon, absorbed by that curious beetle, was related in M. Bory's best manner.

"Devoted to science under such circumstances!—is it not wonderful?"

"It is admirable," cried Citizen d'Argelas; "but such a youth must not be sent to Cayenne. Given to science and contemplative studies, it is not likely that he should have committed himself seriously: I will go to the president and see what can be done for him."

There is no surer evidence of a man's natural relationship to learning and talent, than that helpful sympathy which steps forward with the needed aid at the moment of pressure or peril. Common

minds are content with saying, like the doctor, "Is it not wonderful?" perhaps with benefiting themselves also, after his fashion; but Citizen d'Argelas was of a nobler order. In spite of a great many shakes of the head, and cautious reminders that young men were always committing themselves, he left the prudent doctor still in charge of the beetle, hurried to the president of the court, obtained an interview—the great man being just at leisure—talked him into the sparing of a suspected life, and was told he had no objections to let him have the student as well as his specimens.

The accusing cobbler could not be found in all the wine shops; and that night the student found himself at home in his own attic, the Citizen d'Argelas having become security for his good behaviour to the Republic. On the following morning the prisoners who had stood up at M. Bory's order were all embarked in an old wine trader for Cayenne; but a heavy gale met them in the Bay of Biscay, the vessel sprung a leak and foundered, and never one of the crew or convicts survived to tell the tale. The young man thus preserved, almost by a miracle, lived to pursue his chosen study of those tiny but innumerable tribes which compose the world of insects. By that pursuit he attained to fame and distinction, when the days of anarchy were passed, and men had time for science and philosophy. His name is known to Europe as Latreille the naturalist, and one of his achievements in entomology is the description and classification of his old prison friend among its kindred beetles, under the learned title of *Neerobia ruficollis*. Nor has he forgotten to mention its signal service in his work on crustaceous insects; remarking that, through the kind intervention of Bory de St. Vincent and M. d'Argelas, but principally the latter, that little creature had been the means of saving his life in the terrible days of the Revolution. It is said that, when he was an old man and a professor, the most diligent and esteemed student of his class was at times rewarded with a well-preserved specimen of his memorable insect, and he was accustomed to say to friends, who sometimes rallied him on his fancy for an order of creatures so generally disliked and persecuted: "Ah, gentlemen, I was once taught the value of a beetle."

The above narrative, although slightly garnished by imagination in some of its minor details, is almost the literal transcript of an actual occurrence, and strikingly illustrates the minute instrumentalities by which Divine providence can accomplish important results.

HEALTHY HOMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the last fifty years have done more for the advance of sanitary science than the thousand years that preceded them, much ignorance yet prevails upon a subject which cannot be too generally understood; and, therefore, we purpose in this paper to do what in us lies towards popularizing a few plain principles bearing upon the healthiness of the dwellings in which we live, which principles cannot be ignored with impunity.

The first consideration, in selecting or erecting a

dwelling-place, is, of course, the site. The comparative height of different sites above the sea-level may be a point of importance to the delicate and sickly; but we may leave that out of the question here, as a matter better suited for the decision of the medical man, who must legislate for the cases of his patients. The first and the indispensable condition of the site of a human residence is, that it be at least capable of being rendered perfectly dry. Here we see at once to what an enormous extent our forefathers have blundered, for want of recognising this indispensable condition, and what a fearful and fatal price their descendants have paid and are paying for the blunder. Had they been wise in their generation, they would have avoided, as nurseries of pestilence and death, the very spots on which they pitched, almost unanimously, for their swarming cities and their hives of industry and commerce. But they were not wise, and, allured by the trifling advantage of convenience, they built their trading cities on the flat alluvial deposits of navigable rivers—the very worst spots that could have been chosen as sites for healthy homes. If any one doubts this assertion for a moment, let him compare the rates of mortality, even at the present day, when so much has been done, and so many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent to render such places habitable, with the rates resulting on spots of greater elevation, and on the dry soils of sloping hill-sides. In the marshes of Surrey and Lambeth, under-drained and granite-paved though they be, the deaths per year are nearly double those on the gravelly soil of Kensington: on the alluvium of the Avon, at Bath, the deaths have in some years trebled in ratio those on the stony hill-sides of the upper part of the city. The same phenomena are visible everywhere, though the ratios may differ in different localities. On the soft, damp soils near the water level, disease and death lie in ambush; on the breezy hill slopes, whence the rain-fall drains rapidly away, health holds her throne.

Of sites, then, when a man may make his choice, the best is an elevated lime-stone soil, where damp is an impossibility; and the next best is on gravel, where it is never enduring. But a perfectly dry and healthy house may stand on a clay soil, provided the necessary precautions are taken in building the house and draining the soil. There are thousands of houses in London thus situated, which, having their walls on concrete foundations, or underlaid with sheets of lead, or even with slates and cement, are maintained in a perfectly dry and wholesome state. An intending tenant may ascertain whether these precautions have been attended to, by a careful examination of the basement floor. If the concrete and the underlaying have been neglected on a clay or boggy soil, the damp will have risen in the lower part of the walls, by the force of capillary attraction, even before the building was well out of the hands of the workmen, and there will be no concealing the fact from the eye and the hand of the investigator.

Another element not to be forgotten in regard to site, is neighbourhood. It happens sometimes that the wind, which would otherwise waft you

health, brings on its wings languor, depression, and a nauseous stench, owing to the neighbourhood of some magazine of decomposition and putrefaction, which, defying all the threats of indictment and penalties of the law, persists in poisoning the public for its own profit. It is wise to be thoroughly well informed on this particular, before selecting your site.

Having satisfied himself as to site, he who seeks a healthy home should next pay some attention to its aspect. This is a thing too often held of no account, and yet a great deal may depend upon it. There are three things to be borne in mind here—light, sunshine, and shelter. A dark gloomy dwelling cannot be healthy; and if it be overlooked by buildings taller than itself, in close proximity, it will be gloomy, let it have as many windows as it may. The result will be, that if a young family be located in such a dwelling, they will grow up pallid and sickly-looking, even if they do not fall into ill-health; like plants which grow in shadowy groves and dark corners, they will become etiolated and slender, instead of florid and robust. This is what takes place in the thousands of crowded courts of the metropolis, where the poor workers' children are thrust, to be "dragged up" in gloom and squalor. Then, again, a dwelling cannot be healthy in which the sun never sends his beams, even though it be full of light. There is a virtue in sunshine—let the fact be credited; it not only cheers the spirits, but it has a chemical action on the atmosphere with which it comes in contact, makes it lighter and better fitted for respiration, and thus sends the blood through the veins at a more rapid rate: more than that, the sunshine cures diseases, banishes head-aches, catarrhs, gouts, rheumatisms, and all sorts of flying pains. These things are facts; and though we Englishmen ignore them, other nations do not: in Spain and Italy the sunny side of the street will let for twenty per cent. more than the shady side, and the real value is probably more than can be estimated by money. Be sure, therefore, especially if you have a young family, that the sunshine looks for some hours a day into your dwelling. As to shelter, all that you have to do is to see that your house does not front the stormy quarter, and expose you to the rough north-easters during the winter months. This, however, is an item of less consequence in cities than in the open country.

Supposing the site and the aspect to be satisfactory and settled, we may now turn our attention to the dwelling itself. And here we may observe, that the element of size has very little to do with the healthiness of a man's home. Happily, all the comforts and appliances necessary to man's healthy existence may be comprised in very narrow limits; and, provided that the home be large enough for the accommodation of its tenants, it is susceptible of all those ameliorations which modern sanitary science has brought into play.

The first thing to be considered is the materials of the structure. A wooden house is never safe from fire; a house of battening and plaster (there are showy villas near London thus built) will be cold and damp in winter on any site or soil: brick

or stone should be the material, and the former it is most likely to be. Though the house be new, it by no means follows that the bricks are; and hence it sometimes happens that a new house is populous with the worst sort of entomological vermin, simply because such of the walls as are out of sight have been built of old bricks—the débris of old city houses. Again, though a new erection, the house may have been put together with cheap, worthless mortar, to save expense, and may take to settling in a month or two, in a way pretty sure to unsettle the tenant. The carpenter's work will need a careful survey, and if it have been done by contract, may need re-doing; and, lastly, the painter may have expended but one coat of paint upon a couple of preparatory coats of distemper—in which case the bare boards will make their unwelcome appearance after the third or fourth visitation of the scrubbing-brush. If the roof has ever let in the rain, or if the ceilings are cracked, remember that is not a house to take on lease.

But assuming the house, as to material and workmanship, to pass muster, the next thing to ascertain is the state of the drainage. If this is imperfect, a host of foul smells will banish all chance of health. Having ascertained that the main drain is finished and in working order, see that the house drains are all formed with earthenware pipes, and not by brick-work, which is but a prelude to the plague of rats. Next see that all sinks and small drains from kitchens and out-offices are perfectly trapped, so that there be no return passage that way for any refuse or decomposing matter that passes down. Then be sure that the rain-fall from the roof has a fair outlet above the surface of the ground—not under it into the sewer, whence foul gases may ascend; and, finally, see that the water-closets are fitted, not with any patent complicated gimcrackery of the plumber, which is always getting out of order, but with Jennings's closet-pan and trap, in which all that is necessary is accomplished at a trifling cost, on a simple plan and in a durable form.

Now—having chosen your house—what as to furnishing it? That, you will say, is a matter of taste. So it is; but it is also a matter of health. By overloading an apartment with unnecessary furniture, especially with unnecessary draperies, you render the introduction of fresh air a much more difficult process than it would otherwise be. The healthiest sitting-rooms are those which are the most shabbily supplied with luxuries. This rule is still more applicable to sleeping-rooms, where all useless items—hangings, curtains, and cushions especially—are so many traps for the retention of foul air.

This brings us to the subject of ventilation, which in importance ranks higher than all others. Air fit to breathe is the first necessity of life: man may live days without eating or drinking, but two minutes' deprivation of air consigns him to death. Fortunately, ventilation sufficient for the comfort of a single household presents no difficulties. In summer, the doors and windows should be kept open as much as possible during the day; and ventilation during the evening, even in crowded apartments, may be insured by the insertion of one ven-

tilator beneath the window, made to admit the air through a screen of perforated zinc and haircloth, and another in the wall near the ceiling, and communicating with the chimney. The quantity of air admitted may be regulated by a sliding door in the lower ventilator. In winter, it may be advisable to close this lower ventilator, as all that is necessary then is to obtain a thorough draught up the chimney: the foul air will still escape through the upper ventilator. If the draught up the chimney be from any cause deficient, a communication with the air outside may be established by means of a four-inch earthenware pipe opening beneath the stove.

The ventilation of the bed-room is still more important than that of the sitting-room. We pass, even during health, one-third of our lives in the bed-room, and should see to it that we repose there in safety. We cannot do this without a constant supply of fresh air, and that, nothing but thorough ventilation will insure. Many persons sleep with their windows open all the year round, and find their account in so doing; but all cannot do that. All, however, save the very poor and outcast, who have no regular homes, can provide for the passage of a free current of air through their sleeping apartments: this may be done by the same means recommended above, in case of the sitting-room, and should be specially attended to where several persons sleep in one room. The bed-room chimney should never be plugged up; the window-curtains should be light and thin; the bed-curtains but partially drawn at the head, and none at the foot; the bed itself should stand a foot at least from the wall *all round*; and the furniture of the room should be simple, plain, and as little of it as possible. The bed, on being vacated, should be left open and unmade, with the windows thrown up until after noon, and the windows, save in seasons of storm and fog, need not be closed until sunset. In times of sickness, the air of the room should be renewed at least twice a day, under the directions of the medical man, who will point out the best plan to be pursued.

Next comes the subject of warming, which in this variable and trying climate is of no mean significance. Our English firesides are an institution, and it is of no avail, notwithstanding their acknowledged wastefulness, (for half the heat they render *is* wasted,) to think of superseding them. We may refer, however, to obvious improvements, now within the reach of moderate means, and which will recommend themselves. The most remarkable of these is Dr. Arnott's stove, by the use of which one-third at least of the fuel is saved, and the fire is made to consume its own smoke, while it needs little or no attendance from morning to night. Another plan for economizing the heat, is that of reflecting it into the room, instead of allowing it to be absorbed by the brick walls. This is done by various means—by register-stoves with converging sides and tops—by stoves of ampler divergence, having their sides highly polished—and lastly, and best of all, by the substitution of handsome porcelain tiles for the polished metal sides. None of these plans, however, do more than diminish the waste of calorific in a small degree.

But there is another plan, the same, or a modifica-

tion of that recommended by Mr. Bardwell,* which really stores up the waste heat, and admits of its use in any part of the building. We have seen this plan in use in the house of a friend who built his own healthy home, and can speak confidently of its success. It is thus carried out. At the back of the kitchen-range is a hollow chamber, so situated as to become the depository of the waste heat. From this chamber pipes of sufficient diameter are led off to various rooms and closets where heat may be wanted, and fire is not wanted; by this means a large dining-room is rendered warm during winter, in less time than it would take to kindle a fire, by simply turning on the warm air; and drying-closets are supplied with heat for drying, at any moment that heat may be wanted. The advantage of such a contrivance as this to the poor working-man is too obvious to need pointing out. The mischief is, that on the present system of building small houses, there would be no room in their party-walls for the hot-air chamber—a mischief, however, that might easily be obviated by building all such houses in pairs.

A healthy home should also be a safe home—secure from fire. We English commit a huge folly, and call it by the name of prudence; we insure our houses in fire-offices, and think ourselves justified in neglecting to secure them from fire. Look at the consequences: a thousand dwellings burned to the ground in the year in London, for one, or none at all, in Paris; fourteen people burned to death in a single house, as was the case in March last; hundreds ruined because, though the dwelling they occupied was insured, their goods were not. Now the fact is, that it would cost less to make a house fire-proof in the process of building it, than it would to insure it; that is, the amount paid for insurance annually would, before an average lease had expired, return more than the principal and interest of the capital that need be expended in fire-proofing; and there would be *the saving of life into the bargain*. The simplest mode of fire-proofing consists in laying sheets of metal beneath the floors; this has proved effective in confining the fire to the apartments or floor in which it originated; better than this is the interposition of flat brick arches, or beds of plaster, between the floors. If to these precautions be added the substitution of an iron or stone staircase, for the common one of combustible pine-wood, the housekeeper may bid defiance to fire, and rest safe from all such alarms. At present, vested interests stand arrayed against such a system of building. We should like to see a new vested interest arise, in the shape of a society for rendering fire-proof all existing buildings.

One word, finally, on the subject of water. No house can be permanently healthy in which there is not a good supply of pure and wholesome water. The water of London is not the best, nor is it the most abundant in quantity. Enough, however, is supplied for purposes of cleanliness; and that, after all that has been said, is the grand element of a

* See "Healthy Homes, and How to Make Them," by William Bardwell, Architect.—London: Dean & Son. A truly valuable work, deserving strong recommendation.

healthy home. There can be no pure air, no genial warmth, no invigorating light, no re-creating sunshine, where there is *dirt*. Cleanliness in the house is as indispensable as cleanliness of person, and the latter can hardly exist without the former. It is astonishing how much the practice of the single virtue of cleanliness will do against a multitude of opposing circumstances, in the way of warding off diseases of all kinds. The laws administered to the ancient Jews were more pointed and stringent in this respect than in any other, and have been adhered to through all their vicissitudes with unremitting pertinacity. As a consequence, we see the Jews, though living often in pestilential districts—though oppressed by their rulers, and reduced to the outward conditions, at least, of squalor and poverty—yet preserving their health, and living with impunity amid miasmas and vapours, which carry death to surrounding multitudes.

If, then, we would keep a healthy home, we may take a lesson from the domestic policy of the Jew, and see to it that it is maintained, by the healing influence of water, free from the leprosy of dirt, which idleness and sluttishness too often allows to lurk in unseen corners.

HOW TO END A LAW-SUIT.

A TRIFLE TO SMILE AT.

PART II.

THE next scene in our story introduces us to an apartment in the prison, containing a lighted stove at one end and a window at the other. It is also provided with two beds, two small tables, and a similar number of common chairs. At this moment two individuals, Clencher and Grabb, may be seen to enter.

Grabb (*carrying a light and opening the door*). Step in here, if you please.

Clencher (*shrouded in a cloak, with his hands full of papers*). But I tell you I am Mr. Clencher, of the Ringsdale estate.

Grabb (*sulkily*). Very likely.

Clencher. I only came to the town to-day, having to attend the session on account of my law-suit.

Grabb. Very likely.

Clencher. Why, then, am I arrested and imprisoned?

Grabb. Although it's no affair of mine, I will just tell you this much. You were found tramping the streets at night, not being a resident in the town, and neither able to tell where you live, nor to give any proof—

Clencher. Why, I am quite a stranger in the place, and was unable to find my way back to the inn where I had put up.

Grabb. Very likely.

Clencher. And I had even forgotten the name of my inn!

Grabb. Very likely.

Clencher. Well, that might happen to any one; but I never heard of any one being imprisoned for it.

Grabb. Our town is overrun with house-breakers and assassins, and the night patrol have strict orders to seize every suspicious person: now, are you not so in the highest degree?

Clencher (*angrily stamping his foot*). Then it is an abominable practice in your town.

Grabb. Just so; give vent to your feelings; a man generally feels greatly relieved after it; and so good night.

Clencher. Stop! Am I really to remain here?

Grabb. Have you any doubt about it? We live in unbelieving times. Do you not see the true position in

which you have placed yourself? The watchman seized you, the patrol consigned you to me, and I lock you up here; each of us has done his duty. In a well-ordered establishment, everything works well together.

Clencher. If it is to be so, then, I must patiently submit to the indignity.

And as he throws his cloak, cap, and papers on one of the beds, he asks: When shall I be set free?

Grabb. That I cannot tell.

Clencher. What do you mean?

Grabb. If you are really the person you say, and can prove it before the commissary of police—

Clencher. He has only to glance at my papers.

Grabb. Then you will probably be let out to-morrow. But if you turn out to be a thief, you will have first to go before the magistrate, then to the office of search, next to the judge, and, lastly, to the House of Correction. In a well-ordered establishment, everything is so well arranged!

Clencher (*indignantly*). How! do I then look like a thief?

Grabb (*coolly*). Why not? There is nothing to distinguish honest men from thieves in outward appearance: if one could tell a rogue by his externals, there would be little work for the police courts.

Clencher. Well, the night will come to an end.

And, throwing himself on one of the beds, he exclaimed, "It is very hard."

Grabb. Oh! there are harder things than that. If you have a good conscience, you will sleep well.

Clencher. There is another couch yonder: am I not even to be alone here?

Grabb. That I cannot tell; if any one else is taken up, he will be brought in here. Good night.

Clencher. Hold! am I to be in the dark?

Grabb. After nine o'clock no lights are given.

Clencher. But if one pays for it?

Grabb. Oh, that is another thing; there is no rule without an exception.

Clencher. Then I shall do well enough. There, friend, there is money; now get me a flask of wine and something for supper, and leave the light.

Grabb. Good, Mr. Clencher, you shall be well served. Leaving the light on the table, the gaoler departs.

Thus left alone, Clencher draws the papers from his pockets, and lays them at the head of his bed for a pillow; he then places his coat over them, draws his cap over his ears, lies down, and, covering himself with his cloak, indulges in the following soliloquy:—

Here I am in a nice mess. My evil genius took me to the theatre, and this is the consequence! How can any man be so foolish as to invent an opera, which takes from seven till eleven to play, and of which no one understands a word? Then they cram the building so full of people, that one cannot get out again till all is over. And, to make matters worse, in this town all the streets are alike. To think that I should have forgotten the name of my inn! It's all to be attributed to that abominable law-suit, which brings me nothing but vexation and misfortune. That evil-minded Stickler has worried me about it for the last seven years, and not a single hour of happiness have I had since it was begun. Well, in four weeks I suppose there will be an end of it. All justice must have left the earth if I do not win. My advocate is too astute a lawyer to fail; even envy must concede that.

So, lying down, Clencher consoles himself with the thought that the accommodation may do for one night.

[To be continued.]

VARIETIES.

EVIL OF DELAY.—When Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in suffering his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason, then, have we to presume that our children are not to do the same? The path upward is steep and long. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favourable circumstances for the children. The children of these take further rise, and, by and by, the descendants of the peasant labourer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach to the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. The education which is recommended consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety, cleanliness and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus remove from them the temptation to get the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means.—*Cobbett.*

FOREST MICE.—It was during this year [1814] especially, but to a certain degree also in the preceding and succeeding ones, that this forest and the New Forest were visited with an enormous number of mice. They appeared in all parts, but particularly in Haywood inclosure, destroying a very large proportion of the young trees, so much so that only four or five plants to an acre were found uninjured by them. The roots of five years' old oaks and chestnuts were generally eaten through just below the surface of the ground, or wherever their runs proceeded. Sometimes they were found to have barked the young hollies round the bottom, or were seen feeding on the bark of the upper branches. These mice were of two kinds, the common long-tailed field-mouse and the short-tailed. There were about fifty of these latter sort to one of the former. The long-tailed mice had all white breasts, and the tail was about the same length as the body. These were chiefly caught on the wet green in the forest, and the short-tailed were caught both on the wet and dry grounds. A variety of means were resorted to for their destruction, such as cats, poisons, and traps, but with little success. A Mr. Broad, who had been employed by the Admiralty, and had been successful in killing the rats and mice in the fleet, was sent down, and tried several plans, all of which failed. At last a miner, living on Edge Hills, named Simmons, came forward, and said that he had often, when sinking wells or pits, found mice fallen in and dead, in consequence of their endeavours to extricate themselves, and he had little doubt the same plan would succeed in the forest. It was tried, and holes were dug over the inclosures about two feet deep, and the same size across, and rather hollowed out at the bottom, and at the distance of about twenty yards apart, into which the mice fell, and were unable to get out again. Simmons and others were employed, and paid by the number of tails which they brought in, which amounted in the whole to more than 100,000. In addition to this may be mentioned that polecats, kites, hawks, and owls visited the holes regularly, and preyed upon the mice caught in them; and a small owl, called by Pennant *Strix passerina*, never known in the forest before or since, appeared at that time, and was particularly active in their destruction. The mice in the holes also ate each other.—*The Forest of Dean, by the Rev. H. G. Nicholls.*

THE SLOW DAYS OF OLD IN LIVERPOOL.—Some idea of the social and commercial intercourse of the town, so late as 1775, may be formed, when we state that there was then only one postman: an application to Government for a second was refused, on the ground that other towns had only one. The first mail to London was not established until ten years after, when it started from an inn in Lord Street; a considerable crowd always assembling to witness and admire the courage of the passengers in attempting the perilous undertaking.—*Herdman's "Ancient Liverpool."*

HOW LINNÆUS BECAME A BOTANIST.—He was hardly four years old when he chanced to accompany his father to a rural fête at Møken; and in the evening, it being a pleasant season of the year, the guests seated themselves on the flowery turf and listened to the good pastor, who entertained them with remarks on the names and properties of the plants which grew around them, showing them the roots of Succisa, Tormontilla, Orchides, etc. The little Carl attended with the utmost eagerness to all he saw and heard, and "from that time never ceased harassing his father with questions about the name, qualities, and nature of every plant he met with;" an unlooked-for result of the evening lecture, and which seems to have cost the worthy man no small trouble, for the child (not unlike other children, for that matter) "very often asked more than his father was able to answer;" in addition to which he used hurriedly to forget all he had learned, and especially the names of the plants. To cure him of this mischievous habit of inattention, his father refused to answer his questions, unless he would promise to remember what was told him, which judicious arrangement brought a speedy and effectual cure; inasmuch that he tells us he ever afterwards retained with ease whatever he heard. Besides this retentiveness of memory, he possessed an astonishing quickness of sight—an almost necessary qualification for the study of his favourite science. When the boy was eight years old, a separate plot of ground was assigned to him by his father, which was called "Carl's Garden," and which he soon stored with collections of plants and wild flowers gathered from the woods and fields around his dwelling. At the same time he introduced a variety of weeds—a treasure which it afterwards cost his father no small pains to eradicate from his flower-beds. The enterprising youngster even tried the experiment of establishing a swarm of wild bees and wasps in the garden, the result of which was a devastating war waged against the domestic hives.—*"Life of Linnæus," by Miss Brightwell.*

To forgive provocation is one of the proofs of a great mind.

EXPERIENCE is a pocket-compass that few persons think of consulting till they have lost their way.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.—See how men hurry up and down, over sea and land, unwearied in this pursuit of gold, with hazard of life, and often with the loss of uprightness and a good conscience; and not only thus esteem it in itself, but make it the rule of their esteem one of another, valuing men less or more, as they are more or less furnished with it. And we see what a height that is; for things we would commend much, we borrow its name to them, as, for example, that age they would call the best of all, they name it "the golden age." And the Holy Scriptures, descending to our reach, do set forth the riches of the new Jerusalem by it, "the city was pure gold;" and the excellency of Christ, and the preciousness of faith, whereof Christ is the object, is said to be "more precious than gold." For faith truly enriches the soul; and as gold answers all things, so faith gives the soul propriety to all the rich consolations of the gospel, to all the promises of life and salvation, to all needful blessings; it draws virtue from Christ to strengthen itself, and all other graces.—*Leighton.*